with the adoption of the National Agreement in 1903. That pact between leagues not only safeguards the interests of the ball player, but subordinates the business department of the game to sportsmanship and the American sentiment of fair play, assures the player a square deal and offers an article of ball acceptable to patrons.

"The agreement has for its cornerstone the 'perpetuation of baseball as the national pastime of the American by surrounding it with such safeguards as will warrant absolute public confidence in its integrity and methods, and by maintaining a high standard of skill and sportsmanship in players.'

"Another fundamental principle of the Agreement is "promotion of ball players as a class by developing and perfecting them in their profession and enabling them to secure adequate compensation for expertness.'

"For the accomplishment of these purposes, a co-operative form of government was adopted.

Recently we have heard and read a great deal about the so-called reserve clause in National Agreement contracts. That a provision of this kind is absolutely necessary for a continuance of the prosperity and popularity the game has attained will not and cannot be seriously questioned by anyone. This is realized by the organization which has recently entered the field for the 1914 contracts, entered into between players and clubs of the Federal League, contain a clause of this character?

"The Ball Players' Fraternity cheerfully concedes the right of a club to reserve its players from season to season, its officials and members realizing, that without this privilege, the game's revenue would not warrant high salaries, and that in the open competition for players, the stars of the game would become annually congested in teams representing New York and Chicago, thereby making the major league pennant races professional, with the result that the smaller communities of the National and American Leagues would become baseball cemeteries.

"Some assert that the old reserve clause in a player's contract was illegal. Without entering into an elaborate argument on this subject, I reiterate that such a provision is necessary and that without it the game cannot flourish. I hold, furthermore, that when entered into in good faith both parties are morally bound to respect it.

"In the new National Agreement contracts, this clause has again been incorporated, although the language has been somewhat changed to make it absolutely legal and binding on both parties."

Thus, sitting side by side in this "High Court" of baseball, in almost absolute control of the greatest pastime of the greatest nation on earth, are these two Cincinnatians—"Gary" Herrmann and Ban Johnson.

A Sweet Singer of Folk-Song

A Story of the Ever Beautiful Melodies of Stephen Collins Foster

By Rebecca R. Laughlin

FEW songs appeal as directly to the heart as "Old Folks at Home." Its pathos brings to us a vision of home and mother. The potency of its appeal has made it that rare thing, a popular song that survives.

Stephen Collins Foster wrote and composed "Old Folks at Home" and other songs, in all about one hundred and sixty. Many of them have become genuine songs of the people, and the most popular, "Old Folks at Home," has been translated into nearly all European and several Asiatic languages. Even during Foster's lifetime his music was on thousands, perhaps millions, of lips, and has since been re-echoed in millions of hearts, but the people who sang his songs, and especially this beautiful air, which is justly given such high esteem, passed the man by. It has been said with justice that during the last years of his life, which were passed in New York, the most familiar sounds he heard around him were strains of his own music, the least familiar sight was a friend's face. Now, after the way of the world, and too late for it to prosper him, he is recognized as having possessed positive genius for the invention of simple yet tender and refined melody which has not been without its influence in shaping the development of musical taste in this country. The refinement and tenderness of Foster's melodic invention are important factors, for sometimes a popular air is the starting point of the formation of musical taste.

When Foster wrote "Old Folks at Home" he penned it from the depths of a longing heart, and, while his songs are not remarkable as poetry, yet the words echo and the music re-echoes sentiments that are at once touching and universal, such as love of home, of mother, of wife, of sweetheart, sentiments that appeal instantly to the popular heart. All his songs are melodious and easy flowing. Probably not one person out of a thousand, if so many, had heard of the "Swanee River" before Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was published, and but for that song the stream would doubtless be threading its way to the Gulf of Mexico in obscurity. How did the composer happen to be so fortunate as to hit upon the name that fits so perfectly with the rhythm of the verse and with the sentiment of the music?

One day Foster entered his brother Morrison's office in Pittsburgh. He told him he had a new song and wanted the name of a Southern river with two syllables to use in it. His brother suggested several names of Southern rivers with two syllables, but none of them appealed to Foster. Morrison then took down an atlas from a shelf and they both looked over a map of the United States together. At last Morrison's finger stopped at a little river in Florida. Foster was delighted with his brother's discovery and he hastily jotted down the name on a piece of paper he had in his hand, and read to his brother the lines beginning "Way down upon the Swanee Ribber," which produced the melodious, flowing effect that Foster was seeking. The song has surrounded with a halo of sentiment the Swanee River, with the result that most people who see it are disappointed, and the Swanee is best viewed through the delicate mist of song.

Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha ma heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home!
All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de song I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.
One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I roam.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

At about the time this song was written, Christy, the famous negro minstrel, appearing with his company in New York, requested that Foster send him a new song with the right to sing it before it was published. Foster consulted his brother with reference to this request, and the latter drew up an agreement whereby the minstrel undertook to pay five hundred dollars for the privileges he sought, and dispatched it to Christy, who immediately returned it duly signed. This explains why Christy's name appears on the title page of the first edition of "Old Folks at Home."

This song and the soul of it together make a simple, direct appeal to the most universal sentiments in the human breast, and together with "Home, Sweet Home" are probably the most widely known songs in the English language. It is a singular coincidence that both have a longing for home as their underlying sentiment.

Stephen Collins Foster came of good family, but, notwithstanding the bright prospects in youth, his life was full of vicissitudes. His father, William Barclay Foster, was a general merchant in Pittsburgh, from where he dispatched goods on flatboats down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. About twice a year he made the trip himself, sometimes returning overland, sometimes by vessel to New York. On one of these voyages he was captured by pirates off the coast of Cuba, but was liberated by a Spanish man-of-war. William Barclay Foster was married in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1807, to Eliza Clayland Tomlinson. The newly wedded